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We welcome contributions of all sorts. We are particularly interested in feature articles and fiction. Although we accept poetry, we do have an enormous back-log. All articles are accepted based on their own merit, not on the credits or reputation of the author.

All materials submitted to WOODWIND should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

In Your Own Back Yard

Edited by Clover Holcomb



Moving Day, watercolor, on exhibition at the June 1 Gallery

THEY MUST FLY: celebrate the last day of annual kite week. Enter the run-and-jump kite flying contest for home-made kites only. The competition will be divided into three age groups. Prizes will be awarded, but remember, the kites must get off the ground. Located at the Washington Monument on March 24th. For further information call: 426-6700.

GO! Listen to a free list of rides, needed and available, for Washington Area travellers. Aired for three minutes at noon, 8:00 p.m. and midnight on WGTB-FM (90.1). Telephone 672-4237,

RUSSIAN FABLE: marionettes will perform *The Loving Dragon* and *The Tale of the Neverwash*. Wednesday to Friday; 10:30 and 11:30. Saturday and Sunday; 11:00, 12:30 and 2:30. Children's admission \$1.00, adults \$1.50. Performances will be held at The Arts and Industries Building of the Smithsonian Institution. Call: 381-5395.

CONSIDER THE MEDIUM: the artist's tool is emphasized in an exhibition of cooking implements from the past, present and future. There will also be demonstrations, films, slides and lectures on the subject. Shown at the Renwick Gallery, Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. and 17th St.; through April 29th.

SIGN OF THE TIME cultural workshop and gallery will be holding registration for its spring workshop in the New Woodson High School at 55th and Eads Sts., N.E. through March 26, from 6:00 pm to 8:00. Workshops will include Jewelry Making, Silk Screening, Tie-Dye & Batik, Photography, Black History and Painting & Drawing. There is a registration fee and enrollment will be limited. For information call 339-3400, 10:30 am - 6:00 pm.

COBRA POSITION: If you are interested, take the 6-week Yoga courses offered by the Washington YMCA, open to men and women. The YMCA is located at 18th and G Sts., N.W. For course schedules and fees information call 628-8965.

OR, if you're in the mood for travel, try the Sivandanda Yoga Retreat Camp in the Poconos. You're still in time to sign up for one of the five six-week seminars up for one of the five week-long seminars planned to run through April 28. The Retreat is in Stroudsburg, Pa., and you

can find out more about it by calling (717) 629-0481.

CONGRATULATIONS to Bernie Block, for his becoming Regional Promotion man with Pride Records.

COLOR PENCIL: Five young area artists experiment with the color pencil as a medium particularly suited for illustrating the landscapes of fantasy. Exhibiting will be Carmen Almon, Lisa Brotman, Isabella LeClair, Bill Lombardo, and William Newman. At the Corcoran Gallery of Art; through April 16th. New York Ave., N.W. & 17th St.

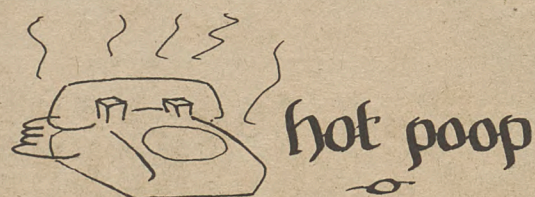
SHTETL: Chaim Goldenberg grew up and painted in Poland, escaped the Nazis to Russia, moved to Israel and finally settled in New York. His paintings, drawings and prints interpret the Jewish life of his memories. The exhibit will run through March at the National Museum of History, at Constitution Ave., N.W. between 12th and 14th Sts.

PRACTISING ARTISTS: have grouped to form a structured organization including all media from traditional crafts to contemporary forms. Considerable private studio space, room for classes and galleries on the site. A benefit will be held at the Cedar Lane Unitarian Church in Bethesda, Maryland on March 30th. For further details call 881-3805.

PIROUETTE: The Arlington Dance Theater will present Arlington's resident professional dance group, the Arlington-St. Mark's Dance Company in a concert performance on March 31, at 8:00 pm, in the new Thomas Jefferson Community Theater, 125 S. Old Glebe Rd., at the corner of Arlington Blvd. call 558-2161, 9 - 4 weekdays.

ERA OF PEACE: The American University will host its annual International Week, March 25 to 31. The week falls on the 10th anniversary of President Kennedy's speech "Strategy for Peace," and will be held at the Ward Circle campus.

The programs start at 8:00 on Sunday, with an address by Hon. Averell Harriman, at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Nebraska and New Mexico Aves., N.W. and will be followed by the opening of the International Bazaar. For a more complete schedule of events, call 686-2093 or 686-2078.



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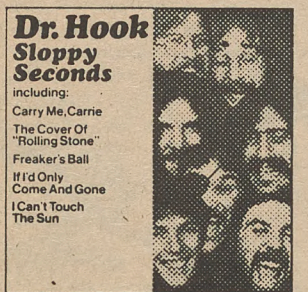
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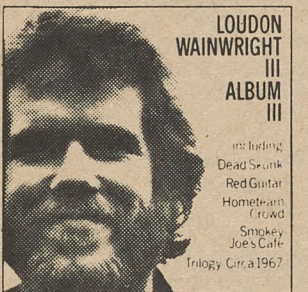
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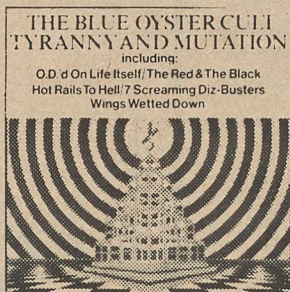
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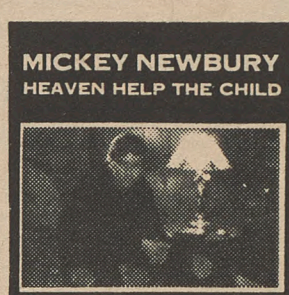
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KC 32114*



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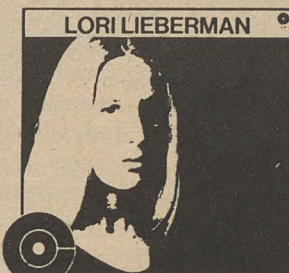
MICKEY NEWBURY EKS-75055
HEAVEN HELP THE CHILD



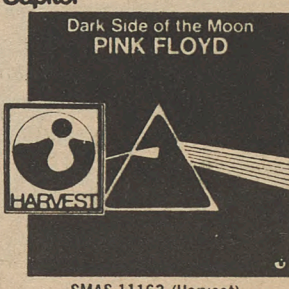
ALICE COOPER
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Includes:
Billion Dollar Babies
I Love the Dead
Hello Hooray
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Warner Bros. album BS 2685



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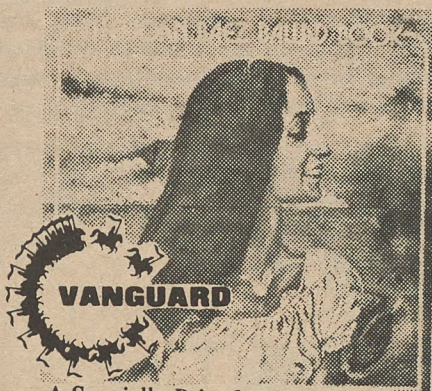
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RATS

By E.J. Green

Dear Mr Clyde A Bowen

I am writing to complain about the rats. They is a lot of them hear. I seen one yesterday. It was big.

Can you do anything about them. My kids might be bit on the feet.

Yours truly

Jenny P. Madison-Talbot



Dear Mrs. Talbot:

We have contacted Marden and Hanscomb, Inc., with an inquiry concerning your problem. They report that the standard extermination services provided in our contract with them have been performed at the property in question on July 15th and September 2nd of this year.

Furthermore, I am informed that a representative of Marden and Hanscomb verbally communicated with you on the date of the latter visit to the effect that, in the absence of minimal standards of cleanliness and garbage control, extermination services could not be guaranteed.

Please be advised that future pest control services will be performed periodically. However, we feel that a dual responsibility must be recognized. These services will continue to be ineffectual without your cooperation.

Sincerely,

James M. Clyde
President, Clyde and Bowen
Realty, Inc.



Dear Mr Clyde A Bowen

I dont unnerstand the letter. Does it mean you will or you wont get rid of the rats.

When I set on the porch after dark I can here them. Will you come over and set on the porch some nigt. They you will here them yourself.

I can make some money baby siting but no body want to leave they kids. It the rats they say. They big they say.

Yours truly

Jenny P. Madison-Talbot



Dear Mrs. Talbot:

The original lease for the property you now occupy expires on September 30th. The lease agreement contains provisions for termination of the rental agreement by either lessee or lessor with thirty days notice after said expiration date.

As we have been unable to resolve differences concerning maintenance of the property, I must ask that you prepare to vacate the premises not later than midnight, October 30th.

Sincerely,

James M. Clyde
President, Clyde and Bowen
Realty, Inc.



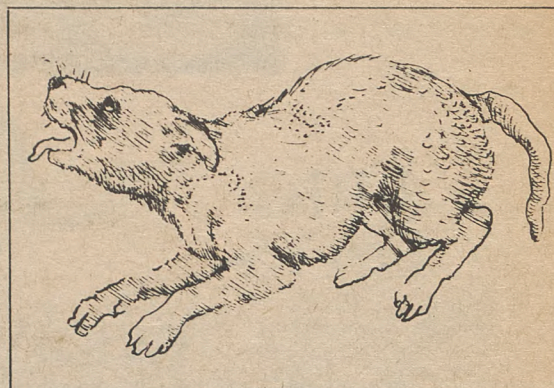
Dear Mr Clyde A Bowen

I don't no what the last letter mean. My oldest girl Madge say she no. She say it mean I got to leave the house. That is unusual. I pay my rent reglar. Ever body no I pay when the check come.

I got no were to go. People dont want 8 kids. I cant move now.

Yours truly

Jenny P. Madison-Talbot



Dear Mrs. Talbot:

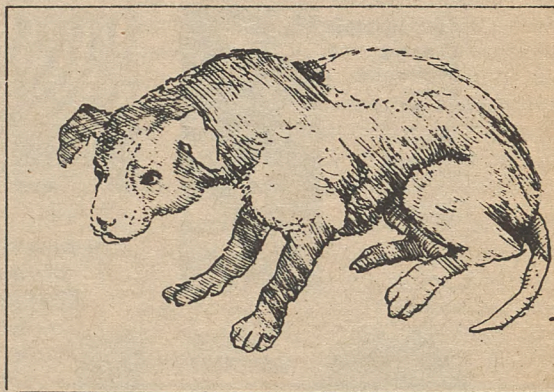
I hope we will be able to solve the matter of your occupancy of the Clyde and Bowen, Inc. premises in an amicable manner.

I have attached a list of county governmental agencies which may be of some assistance in helping you obtain suitable housing.

Please be advised that the previous notification concerning termination of rental agreement is firm and remains in effect. If you occupy the premises past midnight, October 30th, eviction proceedings will be filed through the proper authorities.

Sincerely,

James M. Clyde
President, Clyde and Bowen
Realty, Inc.

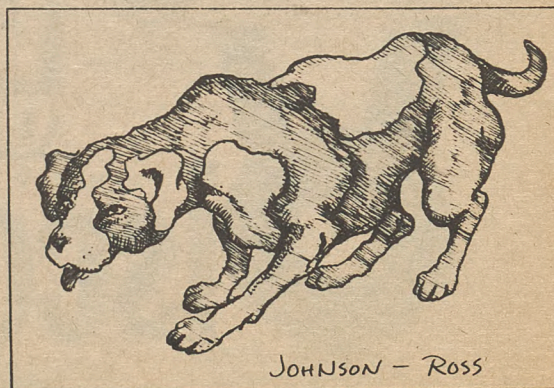


Dear Mr Clyde A Bowen

I am writing to tell you the rats is gone. They was not rats any way. They was dogs. I run them off from unner the house. They was barking.

Yours truly

Jenny P. Madison-Talbot



JOHNSON - ROSS

O Captain! My Captain!

When he had finished his cigarette, the night shift superintendent from the hotel just down the street got up from the bench and began the last leg of his journey home. It's funny, he thought, how people drift in and out of each others' lives. He almost hoped that he would see the stranger again, but he knew he wouldn't. It was just as well that he wouldn't. Thw snow would be melted by the afternoon.

A Small Occurence

He turned left to cut through the park, just as he did every other night. It was nice to be able to walk across the grass for awhile. Sidewalks can get boring sometimes. Tonight, though, the grass in the park didn't look any different than the sidewalk. They were both

LEATHER BY TUSH

Aces Supreme:

Silverhead in America

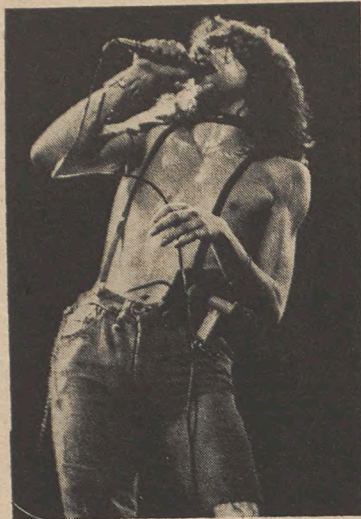
By Bruce Rosenstein

There are bands in England who slouch onstage, wear workshirts and jeans, and are known to sing a country song or two. Some of these bands are very good. But they never get too popular over there, let alone become well known in America, where the big money is to be made.

English rock folk in the know hit upon the flash style — complete with glitter, make-up, as out-of-the-ordinary-as-possible clothing, nail varnish, shaggy hair, anything. Some are better at it than others; most still aren't making a living of it yet. One thing's for sure: the better you look, the better your chances are to stand out in the crowd, — and it's getting very crowded these days — and if you happen to somehow hit upon the combination of good looks and good music, your chances for the big time are all the better.

Falling roughly into this category is a British band called Silverhead, fronted by a singer named Michael Des Barres. ("It's pronounced Day-bar. It's a French name.") Michael's band is on a U.S. tour with Uriah Heep, and he dropped into Washington for a couple of days in between gigs in Harrisburg, Pa. and Indianapolis (who said touring wasn't rough?), while the rest of the band went to Indy. (No one yet knows who got the better of the deal.)

Michael's first album's first cover — I'll explain that in a minute — shows him all alone in a big orange suit, twisted, hands in a pose that is... well, striking. If the days of rock's pan-sexual superstars are here, brought to you by Mick Jagger and David Bowie, then it seems a place must be made for Michael Des Barres. He has the English rocker, made-to-order slight frame, supporting, when we met, a black leather suit, bright scarf, silken shirt, and shaggy, not-all-that-long red hair. Plus big silver work boots, raising his height a bit while increasing his flash.



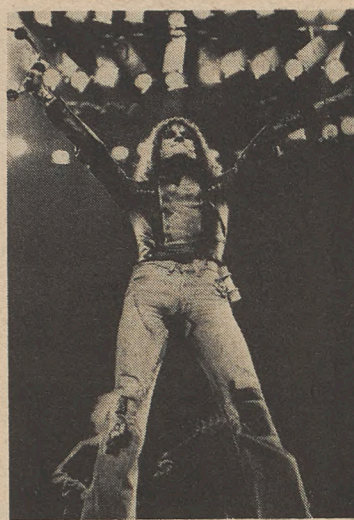
No matter what impression you may get from the album cover, Michael refuses to talk about image in general and specifically, his. "It's something that... you can't... well... I don't want to talk about it." His pre-Silverhead days are only slightly less mysterious than his personal views on image. He had a part in *To Sir with Love*. "Everyone who was in it made a lot of money, but I don't want to go back into movies. Music is the most important thing for me now." Silverhead had been together less than a year when their debut album was released last October. "I wasn't in any groups to speak of before Silverhead, just sat around and played the guitar. We were only together a couple of months before the album was recorded."

The album is a curious thing. It is better than most debut albums; mainly hard rock, a nice full sound, and Michael's interesting, Marc Bolan-like voice. He not only sings in the band, but writes most of their material,

and his lyrics are much better than most hard rock lyrics, which are usually words tossed together in simple rhymes to fill in spaces between the music.

The unique thing about the LP was that it got a second life. It was released twice within four months on two different labels. In England they are on Purple Records, the label Deep Purple is on, but not *their* label. Artie Mogull, head of Signpost Records — at the time, mid-'72, a new American label distributed by Atlantic — made a deal with Silverhead's manager to distribute the group in America. After the album was released here on Signpost, Mogull left his deal with Atlantic and switched Signpost to MCA. Feeling that the album didn't get proper exposure the first time around, MCA re-released it, with a new cover, in February. This cover is taken from a photo of Michael, wearing very wide bell-bottomed pants, in what looks to be a play on a similar picture of Janis Joplin on her second album. The album is getting a bit more attention now, but the new one should be out soon. "We'll be going back to England next month, and we'll record it and release it as soon as possible."

There will probably be no drastic changes in sound, but Michael says, as a result of this tour, their playing has become harder and more forceful. "We've been playing in the big stadiums and you have to get a big sound. In Harrisburg our equipment didn't arrive and we used The Flock's. We'd never played with equipment that powerful and we realized that



that's what we're going to have to do from now on." They are finally getting their live sound down on this, their second American tour. The first was right before the album came out, with Deep Purple as headliners. It was mainly a learning experience, getting used to America and the larger places to play. Their first gig of that tour was in Washington at the Kennedy Center. "Oh, it went horribly. We were nervous, and unsure of the sound. And we'd only played four times in England before that. But we didn't go over too badly."

"After the show, we and Deep Purple went to a club and we saw a band called the Dubonnettes. I was watching them and flashing that the lead singer was very much into the Jagger thing. I developed this fantasy that... did you ever see *Performance*?... well, I thought that this band should do a Performance thing and call themselves Turner. What's the lead singer's name... Charlie? Oh, that's no good, but it could be changed." He was thinking back to his flash again, staring down, playing with his scarf. "I didn't think too much about the band. Just about the Performance thing. They were a good band, though. The lead guitarist was very good... he had long blond hair."

On this tour, Silverhead has a new guitar player, Robbie Blunt, who had been with a British laid-back, cowboy shirt and jeans band named Bronco. "The bands are quite different but we have the same roots, the Blues roots. Robbie's just playing harder now. His playing is more forceful and vicious." Michael and the band like America so much that they are considering moving to Los Angeles. I told him that I liked most of the British people I met because they were more reserved, quieter than the Americans who tended to be loud and more pushy. He replied that "The English play subtle games. The end result is the same, but they certainly don't put everything up front. The English have been around for a long time and they've learned how to play these games. But I meet Americans who say they want to move to England, without even visiting it first to see what it's like. They just want to move."

It's hard to say if Silverhead will make it bid and become stars. I think they will. Their sound may be derivative, but what they do, they do well. And they have Michael, his talent and his looks; and I'm sure they'll capitalize on it. In any case, it's a long way from *To Sir with Love*.

COUNTERNOTES

SANDY —

Sandy Denny — (A&M)

HENRY THE HUMAN FLY —

Richard Thompson — (Reprise)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

When Sandy Denny left Fairport Convention in late 1969, the group managed to hold together for a strong album, *Full House*; the main reason being that lead guitarist Richard Thompson was still directing the band. When he left in early 1971, they never recovered. But while Fairport's sound has suffered, the solo careers of Sandy and Richard are going quite well.

Richard produced Sandy's first solo LP, *The North Star Grassman and the Ravens*, and then the two teamed up again for *The Bunch - Rock On* album of last summer for which numerous British folk musicians put on their rock 'n' roll shoes. Richard plays lead guitar for Sandy's newest, but the producer is Trevor Lucas, a member of Sandy's post-Fairport band, Fotheringay.

I have to admit that I'm a sucker for anything Sandy Denny sings or anything Richard Thompson plays. You could take the weakest song around, give it to Sandy and Richard, and they'd make it sound like a gem. Each has the knack of sounding majestic and dignified. They give class to a song. For the best example of this, let me refer you to Fairport Convention's *Unhalfbricking* album (A&M), one of my all-time favorite albums, and a highly successful folk/rock synthesis. All of the Thompson-Denny Fairport albums were excellent, as was the Denny-less *Full House*, but *Unhalfbricking* was damn near perfection.

Henry the Human Fly has more of a Fairport sound than *Sandy*, probably because Richard had more of a hand in the shaping of that sound. Once you became familiar with his style, you'd recognize it anywhere, regardless of the context. He's played rock 'n' roll on the *Bunch* album, where he played and sang

"Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller," he's played "Blue Suede Shoes" on an album by Marc Ellington, and he's added his guitar to numerous other albums, such as fellow Britishers Nick Drake, Mike Heron, and ex-Fairporter Ian Matthews. Basically his style is sort of like Spanish guitar and the only other playing I've heard like it is on Dylan's "Desolation Row," although it is unclear who did play guitar on that song.

Richard is extremely dedicated and a bit eccentric. If you remember his acid-fantasy liner notes to *Full House*, you'll like his ones to *Henry the Human Fly*. The songs, likewise, are image-laden and surrealistic. As to his dedication, in the summer of 1971, while touring with Ian Matthews, Richard made a couple of appearances in this area. You have no idea what a joy it is to sit in an audience and hear him play, even if it is at the Wheaton Youth Center. (I'd also seen him at Emergency in 1970, with Fairport Convention.) In the dressing room before the gig, Richard quietly sat in a corner and played his guitar, jamming a little with the roadie. Ian said that Richard just got a new guitar and every morning, upon awakening, he would pick up the guitar, still nude, and play all morning.

His eccentricity and musical expertise combine for a totally pleasing album. With song-titles like "Roll Over Vaughn Williams" and "The Angels Took My Racehorse Away" you know he's got to have something going for him. It is a strong mixture of the ancient and the modern, old folk and new rock, and it's done with a good sense of humor, though it does lose something in the translation.

He manages to use a variety of instruments without cluttering the sound, everything from accordion to trombone, sax to dulcimer, and combined with Richard's guitar and voice, and backup vocals and piano by Sandy Denny, you've got a very full and uncompromising album. It takes a lot of listening to get into it before each song takes on an identity of its own, but as with most albums like that, the time spent is worth it. The best albums are those that demand a lot of you.

Sandy's second solo outing continues to progress from the British folk sound of Fairport to more of a universal pop and folk sound. Just the fact that she is singing makes it sound somewhat like Fairport music, but these songs are much more personal and the focus is always on her. The band, lead by Thompson and ex-Fotheringay bassist Pat Donaldson, performs well. What makes this quite different from Fairport is the use of lush strings, thankfully used tastefully and not drowning out her voice; an Alan Toussaint arranged horn section, used sparingly; and one of the nicest features, the addition of pedal steel guitar from "Sneaky Pete" Kleinow, and the interesting thing is that the pedal steel is not played in the context of country music. Pedal steel opens the album's most pleasing song, "Bushes and Briars."

There are a couple of non-originals, one is Richard Farina's "Quiet Joys of Brotherhood" and the other is a fine version of Dylan's "Tomorrow Is a Long Time." Sandy has long had a golden touch for interpreting obscure Dylan material. On the first-released, though second-recorded, Fairport LP, she did wonders with "I'll Keep It with Mine." I don't care if he did write it for Nico, it's Sandy's song. On *Unhalfbricking*, along with a great version of "Million Dollar Bash," there was her haunting reading of "Percy's Song." And on her first solo album was the best version I've heard of "Down in the Flood."

Sandy remains popular in England, though still too unknown over here. I thought *North Star Grassman* could do it for her, but now I'm sure *Sandy* will do it. Unfortunately, Richard does not seem destined for the promotion given to Sandy and, I feel, he'll remain unnoticed by many people who would like him. Don't let it happen. If you liked Fairport Convention at all, get both of these albums and see what the backbone of that group is up to today.

THE ROWAN BROTHERS —
(Columbia)

This record has increased my suspicions about a couple of music business entities. One is Columbia Records. Why, pray tell, would they drop hundreds of thousands of dollars on this piece of shit? Another is Jerry Garcia, friend and neighbor of the Rowans out there in Marin County, California. Why, Jerry, do

you go around telling people that the Rowan Brothers could be the new Beatles? I mean, I could understand it if you were goofing on Charles Reich and Jann Wenner in that *Rolling Stone* interview, God knows they deserved it, but don't you know that statements like that have a way of coming back at you and haunt you the rest of your life?

Columbia is spending enough energy and bread on this wimpoid group for two or three really good groups. Loads of advance money, much advertising (like full page ads with mucho advertising (like full page ads with Jerry's "Beatles" quote) and a big party for the group at a San Francisco vegetarian restaurant (where else?). They may be operating on the theory that these guys are some sort of advanced, America-like copying band, but I don't think they're even up to America's level. Being imitative is one thing, and sometimes it comes out sounding okay, but stark, dull, unoriginality like this album hardly ever works. Does this album rock? No. Does it roll? Uh-uh. Are the lyrics any good? You gotta be kidding. Are there any saving graces? Yeah, there are a couple.

The Rowan Brothers are Chris and Loren Rowan, a couple of kidz in their early 20's who, on the basis of their singing and song-writing, appear to be just some more pretty faces. They also have an older brother, Peter, who used to be in Seatrain and who supposedly will be working with them in the future. Now about five years ago in Boston there was this band that put out a couple of albums on Elektra called Earth Opera. Peter Rowan was the lead singer. Also in that band was Jack Bonus, who plays on this album, and a mandolin player named David Grisman, who later played on the Grateful Dead's *American Beauty*. In his East-to-West-Coast move, he underwent a metamorphosis and became David Diadem, and is now pulling the strings for the Rowan Brothers. He got Garcia and Bill Kreutzman to play on their debut album. And the Rowans are playing gigs with the Dead and benefitting from Jerry's compliments. If you are attracted to them because of their association with the Dead, as I initially was, you're gonna be disappointed.

All of this wouldn't be half so bad if there was anything musical to back up the hype, but there just isn't. If for reasons of friendship or finances Jerry Garcia is saying these things, I could maybe understand it. Most people are not going to question his credibility, but if he truly believes what he is saying and holds

this type of music in such high regard, then maybe all that acid and coke has done the poor guy in.

The themes running around here are of Cosmic-Metaphysical-Search for Inner Truth-Meaning-Peace et al. I suppose all of these things are worthy, it's just that the way they're going about it, the Rowan Brothers are giving metaphysics a bad name. One of the biggest dangers in such an area is making its values sound silly and that's precisely what happens here. One of the musically mroe palatable songs here, "All Together," is a string of cliches expressing their metaphysical values. "The Best You Can" is more cliches, and it's very limp vocally - as is most of this album. And why the lyrics were ever printed is as big a mystery as the subjects they sing about.

I said there were some good things about this album and there are. The first side isn't all that horrible. None of the songs are repulsive, instant turn-offs, not to be confused with side two, which is one big repulsive, instant turn-off. The album opens with unquestionably the best song, "Hickory Day," which is bright, bouncy and catchy and has some nice imagery. "All Together" would be a pleasant bit of spaciness were it not for the lyrics. After a few negligible songs, we come to "The Wizard," which is nice and eerie-sounding, but the dumb lyrics ruin it.

Side two is string-drenched nothing. The vocals and playing are naked and undistinguised, and the lyrics are the kind of stuff you hear every day in college creative writing classes. Technically, they're better than that, but at least there you don't have to pay to hear somebody's bad poetry. The album ends with "Move on Down," which sounds like "Hitching a Ride" by the Vanity Fare, but not half as good.

I have a feeling that unless they change their tune, the Rowan Brothers will just fade away. Jeez, if songwriting is their forte, something's drastically wrong. As for promoting groups, the Dead and Columbia blew a good thing last year with a Canadian country band, James and the Good Brothers, who had twice the talent of the Rowans and received no push at all. I don't know how strong their ties were to the Dead family, but the Dead were fools to let them slip away. If you come across their album (Columbia C30889), get it with the money you save on the Rowan Brothers album.

B.R.

CHILD OF GEMINI - Roland Hanna - (BASF-MPS)

Reviewed by Richard Harrington
Roland Hanna is a very fine pianist with dual roots - Detroit, when it was a solid jazz town and the classical discipline of Julliard and the Eastman School of Music. A veteran of many assemblages (Mingus, the Thad Jones Mel Lewis Big Band), Hanna is a straight-forward mainstream jazz pianist more than willing to share the mood of a song with Bach or bop. His recent album features all original composition and captures his fluid timing. Playing some good bass is Dave Holland (once with Miles), but Hanna remains the focus and does a more than adequate job of standing-in while we wait for the next batch of great jazz piano players (since it seems to wrok in cycles, and the emphasis, right now, appears to be on drummers and bassists).

BLUESMITH - Jimmy Smith - (Verve)

Jimmy Smith has, through the years, developed a unique and diversified approach to the electric organ. At the same time, he's often been weighted down by bad production, inadequate sidemen and inappropriate material. On his new album he has settled in with a companion worthy of his talents - tenor saxophonist Teddy Edwards. Edwards is one of the most lyric tenors I've heard in some time, reminiscent of Stanley Turrentine at his finest. As a foil to Smith he is perfect, whether in the subdued moods of songs like "Straight Ahead" or "Mournin' for Wes" (for Wes Montgomery), or the mambo-like percussiveness of "Lolita." Smith is obviously getting off on this challenger, for it's been some time since he's had as much vigor in his attack, particularly his right hand. While two of the songs are Latin flavored, most of the album resounds with a laid-back, bluesy funk that is the Smith trademark. Even the presence of plodding bass work by Leroy Vinnegar can't keep this from being the best Jimmy Smith album in some time.

R.H.

BILLIE HOLIDAY: STRANGE FRUIT (Atlantic)

Reviewed by John Burgess
The flood of Billie Holiday reissues has come and, like the tide that it was, it has left all sorts of objects on the beach. Not only do we have a film, *The Lady Sings the Blues*,

which received - is receiving - equivocal reviews; several books by and about her; but a vast number of records, new combinations of songs, songs never released, and rereleases, are all now available.

One of these, the one which affects me most, is *Strange Fruit*. It is this album, I feel, that most pointedly shows the power and the glory that was Billie Holiday.

Her voice is incredible - she can change the entire quality of it, seemingly at a whim. She can equally change the quality of the song she is singing. I've heard many of the songs she sings on this album before. I've heard them done in many different styles. I've heard "On the Sunny Side of the Street" done in swing, in pop, rock, and muzak. I've never heard it done in a fashion which reminded me that I was still on this unsunny side and that it would be a struggle to get to the other side.

"Lover Come Back to Me" is another song I've heard many times before. When I heard Billie Holiday sing it here, I listened for the first time.

Songs like "Strange Fruit" - about a lynching in the South ("The Night When the Lights Went Out in Georgia," when compared to this is shown up at the trash it is.) - and "Yesterdays" are painfully vivid songs. I don't have to have lived through the experiences to know what they are. Billie Holiday, in her voice and style, tells me more than I could learn in any other way.

No matter what the tempo of the song is, her voice is slickery, silky. But there is rawness and experience, pain and complete sense of self here, too.

This is one album that is magnificent. It's an experience from which I don't really want to recover. How can I help but recommend it to you as a shell on the beach that you must have?

NOT INSANE OR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO - Firesign Theatre - (Columbia)

Reviewed by David Logan
1972 was a year in which many epitaphs were written for the counter-culture. The drug scene was too heavy or too bourgeois. The dream of humanized political progress "through the system" died with the Nixon landslide. Another passing that will receive less notice, but that can be considered just as symbolic of the counter-culture's demise is the death of the Firesign Theatre.

As drugs, sex and politics became fashionable topics for hip humor in the late 60's, Firesign Theatre became a haven in which distinctly anti-Establishment humor could be savored in beautiful marijuana clouds floating through appropriately black-lighted rooms. Who could resist the temptation of going into the local pizza joint and harassing the counterworker with "Uh, I'd like to order a pizza to go with no anchovies?" Or gaining instant peer acceptance at parties by humming the lilting refrain "How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all?" Certainly I couldn't help constantly flaunting my knowledge of Firesign's gems.

But no more. Firesign Theatre is apparently breaking up - seeking "new directions." However, as with many good things gone bad, their passing may not be a significant loss at this point in time. Firesign showed signs of losing their touch on *We're All Bozos on This Bus*, their effort of late 1971. The humor, except in a few places, was strained. That was always the greatest strength of Firesign - the understatement of their scathing commentary. On *Bozos*, sexual jokes became obvious and, without control, Firesign degenerated into crude attempts at shock humor.

On Firesign's new album the slide that began in 1971 becomes an avalanche. It is possible that the gibberish on this record is funny to somebody, but to whom, why, and under what circumstances totally escapes me. The vehicle is largely a take-off on a Shakespearean play, but the dialect is where any resemblance to the Bard ends. The live audience at Columbia University seemed to appreciate it heartily, to the point where they must be compliantly responding to idiot cards to be laughing at some of the junk on this disc.

The album can perhaps be explained as a journey into total comedic surrealism, an approach they have dabbled in in the past. Yet my complete lack of comprehension makes it difficult to proclaim this as a turning point in the "head humor" movement (at least one must admit that they bear no resemblance to Cheech & Chong). As they move out in their new directions, their new approach to humor is going to need much refining to make it possible for it to even begin to near the reverence with which Firesign Theatre Freaks held each syllable uttered by the group in years past. After studying the latest returns... Firesign Theatre - RIP. Perhaps it's just a sign of the times.



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The Vatican U.S.A.

By Richard Harrington

Catholics who might be expecting the worst from Nino Lo Bello's new book, *Vatican, U.S.A.* (Trident Press, 237 pp., \$6.95) should be mildly surprised to find that their fears are all ill-founded. Despite a cover that portrays Mary and the Three Wise Men adoring a dollar symbol resting in a crib, and despite a title that hints at some very deep religious apprehensions, Lo Bello has pieced together a book that is laden with researched facts and figures on the Catholic Church in America, figures that for the first time reveal the range and scope of the Church's finances. Yet, despite starting out with an attitude of serious criticism, Lo Bello ends up in an ambivalent role of both accuser and apologist.

Stopping recently in Washington on his way back to his Vienna home, Lo Bello explained both some reasons for the book and some points of emphasis. Already notorious in Church circles for his highly critical and successful study of Vatican economics (*The Vatican Empire*), Lo Bello spent nine months travelling around all 50 states, gathering information on the finances of the Catholic Church in America, facts which affect the image of the Church.



Nino Lo Bello, author of *Vatican, U.S.A.*
Photo: Masterhand Studio

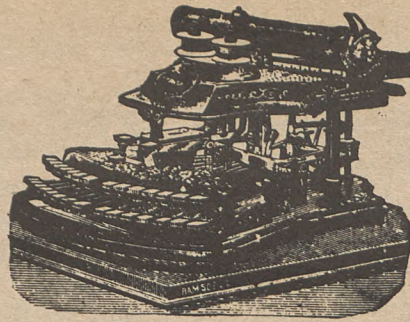
"What I have done in this book, using the techniques of a reporter, is just present the information without any value judgments. Just face the facts, however embarrassing they might be, and let the chips fall where they may. What really happened to me as I went along, I began to discover that in spite of the visible wealth that the Church had (land holdings, buildings, etc.) the Church was actually losing money because of the parochial school system. I had heard this as a reporter before I started out, and I was going to blow the lid off that myth, because I thought it was just so much Catholic propaganda being used as a gimmick to get funds or subsidies from states. I was going to explode this, debunk this. Well, I didn't debunk it. I may have debunked the Vatican in my first book. But I found this to be true — instead, in state after state, the parishes, the dioceses are really hurting for money because they are losing money on their parochial system."

Perhaps the most stunning figure in this book is the projected worth of the Church in both the United States and Canada — over \$80 billion. This includes the values of land, buildings, schools, businesses and investments. A 1968 breakdown showed the following figures: 23,734 churches, 4,346 missions, 1,404 hospitals, 239 orphanages and asylums, 420 homes for the aged, 124 seminaries (with 39,838 enrollees), 305 colleges and universities (with 433,960 students) and 13,030 elementary and secondary schools (with some 5 million pupils). This scope explains why Catholic holdings rival (and actually are greater than) the combined holdings of the top five American corporations.

Yet despite these astounding facts and figures, Lo Bello feels the thrust of his book is to be found in several lines on page 212. "I found that the American Catholic church does indeed possess substantial visible riches, but it does not have cash. Essentially, the Church is land rich, but money poor. The bulk of its 'wealth' today is tied up in school buildings, hospitals and other buildings that serve religious, educational and charitable purposes. Far from being financial assets to the Church, these structures drain much, if not all, of the cash the Church takes in. . . . Many of the dioceses are on the brink of bankruptcy, and there is a growing doubt whether the Church can in the foreseeable future do anything to greatly improve its position."

Lo Bello is not satisfied to merely make this point, because logic then suggests that the Catholic church receive assistance from the Vatican. In conversation, he states that this will not happen. "The Vatican feels that the richest country in the world can take care of itself, which is probably true, can solve its own financial problems. We have shown the best

BOOKS



business acumen — everybody in Europe knows and believes it. But the Vatican has always gotten money from the United States and this has been the pattern for the 100 years that the Church has had any foundation in the U.S. and they want to continue. The Vatican, in its own thinking, needs money for the developing countries of Africa and Asia and the U.S. should support that effort. They may recognize that the parochial schools are losing money, but they don't want to hear it. To them, this is a petty problem."

Because of this belief, Lo Bello has set up a subtle construction at the end of his book. After declaring the endangered status of the Church on the last page before the last chapter, he devotes the last chapter to a very rich organization — The Vatican. "This is a point I want everybody to know about and it will be missed because I don't advertise it on the first page." The necessary relationship between the two is then left to the reader's own thinking.

It should be noted that Lo Bello is not concentrating on the Catholic Church out of spite or hate. He is himself a Roman Catholic and he said that he "discovered in going to the 50 states that Roman Catholics are very militant about wanting to know what the Church is doing with the money it gets. Not so much the Church in general, but particularly their parish, their diocese, their arch-diocese. There is an intense interest as to what the Catholic Church is earning, how much they own, how rich they are. I think a lot of Catholic people will welcome this information for the first time. I realize the clergy is going to be a bit embarrassed by a lot of the information."

Among the other points of emphasis in the book: an extremely detailed look at processes of exemption that have allowed the Church to accumulate its apparent wealth; examination of specific businesses (not church-related, but church-owned) such as Christian Brothers Wines, radio and television stations, and stocks; a brief look at the unconstitutionality of any type of exemption, state by state; and a whole slew of particular incidents, some amusing and some just short of being perverse.

Lo Bello feels that the information in this book will probably be used by both sides in the continuing struggle over parochial aid. "The material is both embarrassing and favorable to the Church. The anti-church lobby will just pick out, cafeteria style, the stuff that fits their point, and the pro-church lobby will just point out that I took a lot of time to find out these facts and I say the Church is losing money. Both sides will stack the cards, and the book will help both sides because there's information there that's not available to lobbyists who need information to present their cases logically." He himself is strongly against state aid, feeling it violates the First Amendment of the Constitution.

Will this book have the same effect that his first one did? Lo Bello isn't sure. "The first book, *The Vatican Empire*, had a great impact because it was the first time a publication of any kind had really dared to suggest that the Vatican, a religious institution, a charitable institution, the seat of the Roman Catholic Church and 550 million Roman Catholics throughout the world, was engaged in business activities that were not related to the church — like owning steel mills, a pharmaceutical house (that incidentally manufactures birth control pills), spaghetti factories, banks, insurance companies, the world's largest construction company (which owns the Watergate).

"But you'll notice in the last chapter of the second book, the Vatican is withdrawing as much as possible from their Italian operation and selling their interests a little at a time and depositing a large part of their money in Swiss banks, including one large bank they already own themselves. Now they are funneling a great deal of that money onto the American scene, particularly the New York stock market. At the moment, they have about \$2 billion invested there."

Awareness, the Church's willingness to open its books, an end to secrecy and its attached ill feelings — these are some of the results that Nino Lo Bello is hoping to see. His next project is so secret that only his publisher and he, himself, know its direction. As a result of these first two books, there might be some savagely shaking fear going on in some circles, but the cathartic ends of Lo Bello's works more than justify the means.

The Missionaries

By D.G. Compton, Ace, 222pp., \$.75, (paper)

Reviewed by Michael T. Shoemaker

David G. Compton, a late starter in the science fiction field (he was born in 1930), is growing ever more competent in his skills as an author. Stylistically speaking, his work is of the highest quality; perceptive, free of clichés, excellent in evoking the proper mood for specific scenes, and containing thoroughly good imagery when he chooses to use it. He still falls a little short in plot construction, however, and he lacks a flair for imaginative science fictional concepts.

Compton's weaknesses, though, are due to the type of novel that he chooses to write. This novel, like Compton's previous novels, is primarily concerned with characterization. His brand of characterization is a highly realistic one, too. In the manner of Kafka and others, his characters are endlessly introspective. This is not to say that Compton's world or style bear any relation to Kafka, only that his characters actually think about what they say and about what other characters have said. They are constantly reacting to the world around them. I offer a random sample to demonstrate what I mean (random, to prove that one can find this on almost every page):

"I don't believe it."

If she said it often enough, perhaps they'd go away, perhaps they'd shrivel and disappear under the blast of her disbelief.

And a little later:

"I think you're Russian spies," she said.

She didn't think it but she had to think something. Now it was said, it sounded silly. Was that what she was turning into, that one thing she had always despised, a thoroughly silly woman?

The plot is very simple. Four alien Missionaries land in the countryside of Great Britain. Their Mission is to convert Earth to the worship of Ustiliath. It will be apparent to the reader that Ustiliath is a Spinozean concept. Ustiliath is an all-encompassing whole, of which the Christian God is only an attribute. Quotes from the "Missionaries' Handbook" are sprinkled throughout the novel at key points, so as to enhance the plot:

The working of individual "miracles" is to be discouraged. As a means of obtaining converts its effects are very short term. As a means of obtaining easy popularity it is cheap and unworthy. And as a means of genuinely alleviating suffering it is selective and inadequate. In the early stages of the Mission, however, circumstances may arise in which its use is justifiable. Integrity losses have to be balanced against strategy gains. The final decision rests at all times with the missionary captain.

The aliens take on human form and characteristics. This is convenient for the author because it sidesteps the problem of developing a truly alien characterization for them. The author cannot be condemned for

this, however, because this allows him to concentrate on his primary concern: the human aspect.

They make contact with a family residing in the countryside. Among the family are Gordon, an aging general; Sylvia, his neurotic wife; and Dacre, their son, who leads a motorcycle gang. The characterization of Dacre is perhaps the major flaw in the novel. At first, he is depicted as a rather despicable character in the general setting of the motorcycle gang. Later character development, though, is not consistent with this. The author probably did this in order to set up an inner conflict of character, but it just does not work.

As the story continues, the Missionaries gain ever-wider influence through the use of good propaganda (although they are not entirely unopposed). Not much of this is ever shown to the reader. Instead, the reader is told this, while the novel continues to center on the main characters.

As the conclusion approaches, it is intimated that the Missionaries have an ulterior motive. It all ends up just as one might expect.

Besides trying to gain an insight into human nature and emotions, the theme of the novel can be expressed in two ways. First, and most obviously, it is a parallel to the past actions of our own Earthly missionaries. The second is expressed by the following quote:

And anyway, today's people moved on. Obsolescence was a necessary part of their enthusiasms. They were always afraid that the richness of life, the variety, the freedom, the glorious motorway of asphalt opportunity, would pass them by. So Ustiliath, which had been up, had nowhere to go but down.

Being the introspective novel that it is, this book is very slow and involved reading. The persistent reader is rewarded with a fine literary experience. At the same time, one cannot help but wish that Mr. Compton would exercise his imagination a little more rigorously.

The Flying Sorcerers

By David Gerrold & Larry Nivin, Ballantine, 316 pp., \$.95, (paper).

When I first got this book I thought that it would be one of the top Hugo contenders for 1971. It is good, but it fell far below my expectations. This book is a comedy and as such it is too long. I appreciate good humorous science fiction, of which there is precious little, and would probably enjoy a 316 page anthology of various humorous SF stories. One story of 316 pages, however, I cannot take. I got bored with the theme and plot and had to push myself to the end of the book. The reason for this is that comedy is far less compelling than a suspenseful action yarn or a dramatic situation.

The plot provides us with the good old comic situation used by Mark Twain in *Connecticut Yankee*. That is, a technologically advanced man in a primitive situation. In this case, an earthman from a scout ship impinges upon an alien society and is mistaken for a sorcerer. The local witch-doctor does not like the idea of competition and so, causes considerable trouble for our hero. Most interesting is that the narrator of the story is the sympathetically portrayed village leader, who is caught up in the battle between his friend, the witch-doctor, and the Earthman.

Most of the humor is good and only occasionally does it become simple-minded, like Willville and Orbur and various SF writers as names of characters. The writing itself is excellently suited to the material. I recommend reading this book, but not all at once.

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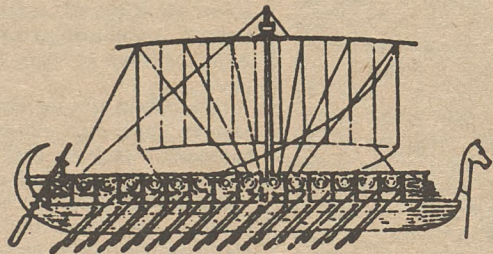
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PERFORMANCE

THREE DISHES Last Colony Theatre

By Jay Alan Quantrill

The D.C. Black Repertory Theatre at the Last Colony Theatre has opened its third major production of the season. The current bill is a set of three works by playwright-in-residence at Howard University, Clay Goss. The three works are collectively referred to as *Three Dishes* by Clay Goss and have been directed by Sati Jamal. The performers include members of the equity company and the members of the D.C. Black Repertory's Acting Workshop.

The material consists of two plays and one "poetry with movement" piece. The plays are "Of Being Hit," based on aspects in the life of a boxer named Hollie Mims, and "Home Cook-in," dealing with the past and future of two men who meet after years of drifting apart on a subway. The two plays are constructed to allow the characters to bring their mental images on-stage and they are filled with the impassioned and recognizable frustrations of life in modern America, its trials and tribulations, its promise, its lies. Together with the "poetry with movement" piece, entitled "Spaces in Time," these works demonstrate a strong poetic streak in the author; he is moved speak more often than not in naturalistic metaphor, in stream-of-consciousness meanderings, in knowingly juxtaposed concepts which bring out the underlying anger and pain and disillusion.

It is difficult to accurately judge Mr. Goss' dramaturgy; one can sometimes imagine other ways of producing his works which might have better served the script than the performances or the audience. Yet, it can be said that Goss is not interested in the well structured play, and that he (at least in these pieces) always assumes the conflict to be between man and his environment and that it is a foregone conclusion when the play starts. What he gives us is the revealing conflict of the character once the battle has been enjoined. I would like to see a full length work by Mr. Goss. It should prove revealing.

The production at the Last Colony shows a real sense of growth in the company and their understanding of theatre. They realize that their purpose is to communicate with the audience, yet they are prone to take the easy way out, depending on recognition rather than creation. That is to say, they sometimes fall back into stock characterizations rather than creating persons who live in a new and individual way. And diction is often a problem.

But there is a real sense of progress and coming together in this organization which is a good sign. I'm looking forward to seeing more.

THE ENCHANTED Kennedy Center

The Enchanted is NOT, and that's its trouble!! The French comedy by Jean Giraudoux, adapted by Maurice Valency, and now being presented at the Kennedy Center is utterly without the charm it needs to bring it off. A formal, stodgy staging has been imposed on the script by Stephen Porter, who's translated and staged many a Moliere. He obviously doesn't realize you can do with Moliere what you can't with Giraudoux.

If you're going to do such a work, and the value of it is not excessive, or readily obvious, you should be prepared to present enchantment in terms of the sensibilities of 1973. We have been ranting, raving, screaming and hollering, jumping up and down and attacking audiences in the last decade about the very issues which *The Enchanted* is tenderly discussing in fanciful dialectics of whimsy. Therefore, a stronger dose of enchantment, of magic, of music and airy light are needed to convince and hold an audience - particularly one which has such a continuous diet of entertainment as do we.

There was one example of the kind of thing which would make, perhaps, this play work. It was the kookie fanfare which announces the entrance of The Inspector in Act Two. It was just the kind of weirdly amusing piece of music to complement the caricature that Fred Gwynne was presenting as his interpretation of the role. This is another of the problems of the production; only Gwynne's understanding of the caricature worked. The little old ladies who were most amusing with their deaf gimmick were welcomed, but not particularly accomplished. Elizabeth Ashley in the title role seemed to be perfect for the part of a young woman enchanted by enchantment, trembling on the line between the enchant-

ment of the unknown and the ordinariness of what's common knowledge. Yet her interpretation was too strident, too urgent, too militant. She lacked a oneness with the dreamy meanderings which she mouthed, but never lived.

Joe Ponazecski, whose voice and vocal intonations I immediately recognized from that orange juice commercial, never varied his delivery and acts only from the neck up (a perennial problem with TV actors). The other roles were satisfactory except for a rather stiff and perfunctory Doctor (the actor was brought into the role on very short notice and must be allowed some time before comment.)

We could use a little enchantment right about now in the season, but *The Enchanted* isn't up to the task. Too bad!

J.A.Q.

HENRY IV Kennedy Center Opera House

Pirandello is the Italian playwright who is always being referred to when dealing with the play-within-the-play concept, mainly because he used it extensively. But Pirandello used the gimmick as much more than a gimmick and this is particularly evident in his play *Henry IV* which is now playing at the Kennedy Center Opera House, with Rex Harrison in the title role. In this play, Pirandello creates a play within the demented mind of a man who thinks he's Henry IV. The author proceeds to flip and flop in and out of the madness until we are left to wonder, is the man mad, or am I?

As entertainment, the play is mericfully uneven; mericful in that it is only the first act which is a bloody bore. Yes, I said a bloody bore, and also it's a very short first act. Actually, it seems like they combined the last two acts of a three-act play into a second act, but whatever, after the first act you're in for a treat. And then, even in the first act, there is one sequence which is exciting, it's when Rex Harrison enter the stage. In fact, every time he's on stage it lights up. He is precise and intelligent in his interpretation of the ins and outs of Pirandello's cleverly concocted conceits. Harrison perceptively etches the intricate meanderings of a mind that nimbly juggles reality and fantasy, both for his own pleasure and the audience's sheer delight. The script is witty in its juxtaposition of insanity and meaninglessness; in the way those who are sane appear mad fools in their masquerades with a deadly serious egomaniac.

The supporting cast is quite good, but they are given none of the theatre that is Harrison's Eileen Herlie provides a sturdy performance but there's no flash, James Donald sifted his lines through a broken pipe and succeeded in attaining unintelligibility almost without end. David Hurst was, on the other hand, a welcomed relief and quite competent in his relatively stock role. Of the minor roles only Stephen D. Newman stood out, nicely.

The show is magnificently costumed by Abdee Farrah, with a more than pleasant setting by the same designer. The direction was occasionally obvious, but often quite swift and precise. I only wish the director could have done something, other than cutting to make the first act bearable.

One doesn't often get a chance to see Rex Harrison and certainly less of one to see him in a Pirandello play. He's really outstanding in a play with a dull first act, some beautiful costumes, a decent supporting cast, and all in all a vastly more interesting and intelligent evening than many I've spent in the theatre. Is that a recommendation? Most assuredly so!

J.A.Q.

GREASE National Theatre

What is nostalgia? Is it merely the reproduction of what once was, bringing a jolt of recognition? The term usually means the pleasant memories of those proverbial "good old days." The dictionary says "a desire to return in thought or in fact to a former time in one's life." If this is so, then *Grease* is far from nostalgia. In point of fact, it is far from anything other than the grossest reproduction of certain aspects of the era of the 50's. The music is forgettable, the story non-existent, the characters - for the most part - hackneyed types, dull and uninteresting, existing only for the momentary gag or comment. As for comment, *Grease* does not. It recalls, but makes no comment on what it reminds us of. This is the very reason that Al Carmines' *A Look at the Fifties*, which just closed an engagement at the Arena Stage was

so much more of a theatre piece, and a more rewarding evening. For all its faults (and there were many) *A Look at the Fifties* was good theatre - particularly when judged next to *Grease*.

Another interesting comparison would be to *Senior Prom*. This is a show which I personally disliked very much. It made no statement; it's characters were as single-minded and dull as those in *Grease*, its music was only a little more interesting, but the concept of the show was truer to its subject than is *Grease*. What *Senior Prom* accomplishes is a balanced view of the foibles of the 50's. In this regard *Grease* fails miserably. Where it shines is in performance. Everything which *Senior Prom* lacked in professional direction, design and execution is what *Grease* can boast. The cast is superlative, the settings so much better than the book, lyrics and music, as to put them to shame. The direction is tight and - as far as it goes in depth - quite astute.

It's a show you may enjoy for the moment, but it won't last beyond the exit sign. But then, it's that way with a lot of things.

J.A.Q.

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS

Mayflower Cabaret Theatre

What Washington needs is a good, professional cabaret theatre. . . right? What is a cabaret theatre you may ask: it is a dinner theatre without the dinner. Actually, it should be more than that, but that's what it boils down to. It's theatre presented in a restaurant environment where, sitting at tables, you may drink and smoke (if you must) during the performance. It's really a good idea!

As you may or may not know, the Mayflower Cabaret Theatre has just opened and is presenting the quintessential cabaret theatre piece *Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*. The show is . . . well, more than a proven success. It played for about four and a half years at the Village Gate off Broadway, had a short run on Broadway last fall, and has been seen in every major city in the Western World, including Washington, where it was presented in the summer of 1969 at the Arena Stage for a limited engagement. *Jacques Brel* consists of 25 songs from the composer-singer of the same name who is, as accurately conveyed in the title, alive and well, living in Paris. The songs are quite variegated, typically European with an appreciable amount of sophistication, compassion, cynicism and humor. They are robust and rich in perception, alive to the world as it is. The subjects range from bullfighting, to politics, bachelors, Amsterdam and the lonely, to old folks, merry-go-rounds and - of course, love!

The cast for the current production is made up of four exceptional singers; three of whom are accomplished performers. The most outstanding performance was given by Joe Masiell, because of both his work and the fact that he had some of the best material. He is a fine singer with a great sense of delivery and enough flair to make each song a true experience. Sally Cooke, a bright and bouncy blonde, is first rate, though her material doesn't give her the chance to show what I think she could do. George Ball has one of the best bass-baritone voices I've heard in a long, long while and succeeds in almost everything he does. Betty Rhodes, a miniscule redhead, has a far-from-miniscule voice, but lacks the one quality which most of her songs require. Call it "Piaf-ness," call it what you will, Miss Rhodes fails to communicate the emotion, the pathos, the tragic magnificence of what she is singing about. There are some numbers particularly in the second act, in which her voice is so fine that she overcomes this deficiency, but with the pathos, all would have been so much better. As a group, the cast (which has replacements for occasions) de-

monstrates a lot of talent. They fail to blend into a group every so often, but as they work together more, they will probably overcome this problem. Moni Yakim, who has directed many of the previous productions, including the short Broadway engagement, has staged this production with interesting - if somewhat busy - bits of choreography and movement. For the most part, though, the direction is appropriate and revealing. The lighting, on the other hand, often fails. Lighting is particularly important in a show such as *Jacques Brel*, adding focus and a sense of depth when properly conceived. It seems that the lighting has not been thought out enough, that more lights are necessary to provide the flexibility of tight lighting. Of course, the bland background of black drapes doesn't help the finished effect of the show or the theatre at all.

Don't go expecting a French Cabaret show. You won't see it. There's no sense of the smoke and whiskey atmosphere associated with most cabaret images. Even the costumes, two black, one blue, and one lavender, fail to fit together and give us any one feeling. As for the externals, there are a few hopefully correctable factors which tend to destroy the pleasure of the evening. First and foremost is the use of long tables instead of individual cocktail tables. Most dinner theatres wouldn't even do such a thing. To call such a Lions Club layout a cabaret defies comprehension. And then you will find that you have to get up and go to the bar and get your own drink. This, while it may save you the price of a tip, does make for a long wait in line at the bar, when you could have been enjoying the company of your date or your wife. I, for one, got caught in the line and wasn't able to get another drink, because, as the lights came down, my sense of duty overcame my thirst.

I hope some of these things can be corrected - assuming the producers agree, of course, they may not. I think such an enterprise as the Mayflower Cabaret Theatre is an exciting, off-beat idea which could provide a good deal of fun and fine theatre to Washingtonians and our tourists. Whatever, the show, *Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*, is the best show for trying out such a new thing. Good luck to you all!

J.A.Q.

LAST MINUTE COMMENTARY!!

A complete review will appear in a later issue of *Woodwind*, but for now a word of advice:

BE SURE TO SEE the latest set of three one-act plays at the Playwright's Theatre. This triptych includes another example of Tom Camp's well-tuned ear and fine sense of drama. Two other works are recommendable, though not nearly as accomplished. Performances are Thursdays through Sundays. Call 232-5959 after 5:00 and go to the Playwrights Theatre!

J.A.Q.



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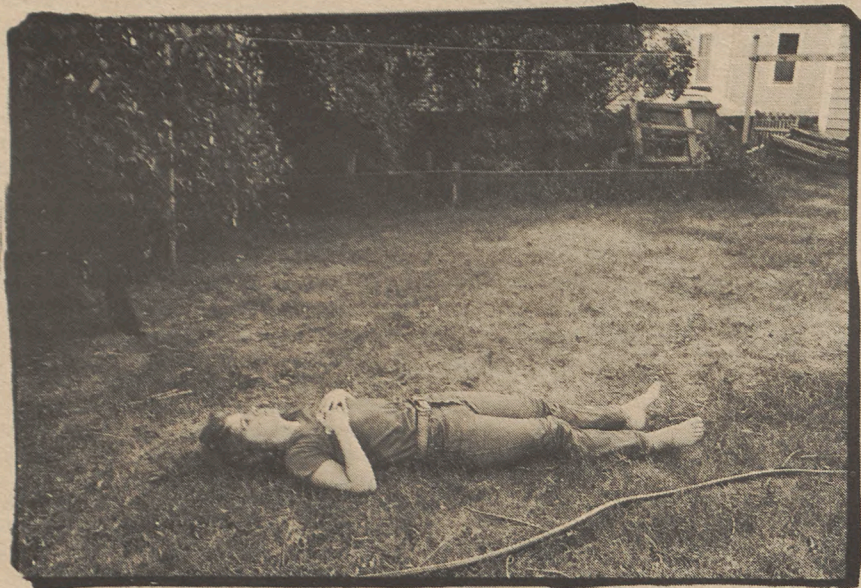
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ART



Rachel Homer; Cambridge, Mass. by John Gossage

Drawings & Small Works

By David Tannous

In the continuing flux of the current art scene, one certainty has remained: most artists today work big. Almost as a matter of course a large scale is adopted for every major work, and even student efforts can take up a whole wall or dominate a room.

One result is that new galleries are locating in spaces that used to be warehouses and factories, and some artists find it a struggle to maneuver their work through an ordinary door.

The viewer, too, has adapted his vision to the new gigantica, and he may find himself unexpectedly in agreement with a long-held American belief that used to have nothing to do with art: If it isn't big, it can't be good.

It's a shock, then, to come through the doors of the Washington Gallery of Art (3005 M Street, N.W.) and see a show comprised entirely of "Drawings and Small Works." The 37 artists responsible for the pieces all are familiar Washington names, and some of them are well-known indeed. Their usual work is much larger, but here both the scale and the kind of work has changed.

The viewer has to attune his vision to look at this show properly. None of the art insists on its importance; even the most boisterous pieces are held in bounds by their size. The viewer has to come to them, and he has to look more carefully than is customary with the wall-size offerings that he is used to.

The people at the Workshop are the reason for the show. Lou Stovall, the director, together with Di Stovall and Workshop advisors Nina Felshin and Renato Danese, examined the works and asked the artists to join the exhibition.

Stovall, who has made the Workshop one of the important teaching and working centers for art in the city, recently has become artistic director of the Washington Gallery, which is owned and managed by Jose Nunez. This exhibit is the third that Stovall and the Workshop have selected, and it is by far the best.

The works are beautifully placed within the two floors of exhibition space. A group show of small pieces easily can become a hodge-podge of identically-sized elements, but the works here have been positioned so intelligently that the viewer finds his gaze moving from one area to another in a logical and elucidative fashion.

Certain things do stand out, though. Some of the artists working in this scale have fashioned pieces that seem completely realized. These aren't large pieces somehow made small; in fact, considerations of size drop away when one looks at them. They are fine, just as they are, and one can't imagine them any other way.

Enid Sanford's acrylic painting on paper is an example. Several rectangles of semi-transparent colors are layered upon each other. Along the four sides, where the overlaps are fewer, one sees indications of the original colors. But in the center, where all the colors coincide, a shimmering, pearly haze is produced, a "no-color" that contains the possibilities of all the hues. It is a beautiful and magical work, one that makes you stop in front of it and look.

Another quiet work of compelling strength is Allen Appel's second "Landscape" photograph — the small one in the middle of his group of three, the one that seems at first glance a blur of gray.

On closer examination, a landscape does appear: a flat field with a flat horizon, and against that horizon a few trees and a barn. Colors emerge as one continues to look: the barn is the faintest shade of red, the trees have an aspect of green. As the eye becomes adjusted to the feeling of the work, and the landscape expands, the perspective deepens, and the piece reveals its power.

It isn't all quietness and monotonies, though, at this show. Lloyd McNeill's series of semi-abstract color gouaches reveal the faces of "Eight People." The brilliant colors and the fluid but precise brushstrokes bring alive eight

separate characterizations with a masterful economy of means. The faces recall other and older works of art: a set of African masks, perhaps, and some of the Assyrian bull-god bas-reliefs.

Eric Rudd, known for his large diagonal arrangements of roof-shingle color grains, shows us two cheerful apples, in various shades of red and yellow, on a sketchy pinkish ground. The work is unpretentious and full of joy, bathed in color and light.

A sharper effect is achieved in Bill Christenberry's five works. The colors fill moving, nervous forms: stars, arrows, targets, fragments of letters, arcane hard-edged shapes. The works explode out of their borders: they recall the stylized "streamlining" of Art Deco, and they give the same indication of speed and energy. Perhaps it's good that they are this small: any larger, and they might be overpowering.

Kristen Moeller's "Sleeping Cat" has a different kind of light. A cone of it spills from the hanging lamp and flows softly over the soft cat sleeping on the table below. The whole small scene is filled with the gentle evening light: outlines are blurred, and daytime distinctions of shape and form seem somehow less important.

An engaging display of how to work on, and through, the paper occurs in the eight "Never-Never Landscapes" that Lisa Brotman has devised. In each work a small square brightly-colored landscape in perspective is placed in a larger square of flat abstract ground. Brotman punches through the picture plane to show the "landscape" lying behind it, insisting on the simultaneous existence of the two dimensional ground and the three dimensional view.

These two elements in each work have equal importance, and the viewer finds his perception faltering as he looks on. The

ground is both the support of the landscape and the barrier before it; the view exists not only on the ground but behind it. Mutually contradictory, the two parts exist somehow together. It's a neat trick, and more than that, a carefully constructed work of art.

The list of pleasures in this show easily could continue. There is the beautiful watercolor that Bob Stackhouse has painted from part of one of his sculptures, and Bonnie Ursin's two Polaroid photos that show how far a little bit of color can go. There's the punny assemblage of words and objects that Cynthia Bickley has fashioned into a morality tale, and the witty juxtaposition of the fake and the real that Vanessa Guerin has used to illustrate her definition of fur.

In fact, as one looks at this show, it becomes evident that almost all of it is good, that the clunkers are the exception rather than the rule. The standards are high, both of attempt and achievement.

One of the artists in the show noted this in a recent conversation, and he found something else of interest about the exhibit. Most of the work done is atypical: the artists are trying something different from their usual styles and preoccupations.

With a few obvious exceptions, these are not the familiar large works of the artists reproduced in miniature. They are something new, something devised to fit both the needs of the exhibition and the strictures of a small scale.

The imperatives of a new form obviously brought about some new thought and some new work for many of the artists. In that respect, the show probably was as valuable for them to make as it is for us to see. It may not have been the most American thing to do, but for these 37 artists it certainly paid off to think small.



Crafts

LEATHER PAINTING by Lee Fewell

By John J. Waldron

The metamorphosis of an educationalist to that of a Silver Spring artisan and shop owner was a timely and deliberate change. It started in New York when Lee Fewell was working on his Masters degree in Art Education and needed to supplement this costly endeavor. After several surveys in Greenwich Village, he found a lucrative market for hand crafted leather products. It was during this time that he found leather to be a perfect vehicle for self-expression as well as an augmentation to his income. Having completed his studies, he returned home to Maryland to teach at a middle school in Laurel. He became disenchanted with the school system and began devoting his boundless energies to leather craft.

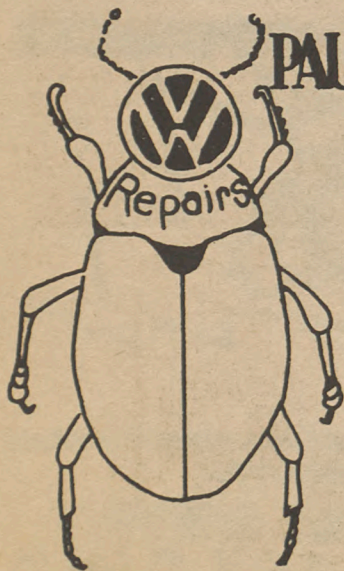
Lee feels leather is one of the most rewarding materials to work with and has taken it from an unimaginative, stereotyped process to an artistic, creative manifestation. His involvement with the leather begins at the tannery where he selects the hides to be crafted, thoroughly checking for weaknesses,

marks, and tears. Fewell's knowledge on leather selection is thorough and comprehensive. This is one of the underlying factors that make his work superlative in craftsmanship and design.

On February 1st, 1973, Lee opened his shop, "Fewell's Good Leather Goods" at 920 Sligo Avenue and Fenton Street, in Silver Spring, Maryland. It truly is a welcome addition to this area. Not only does he feature his own work, but also carries handmade guitars, pottery, weaving, jewelry and furniture, all made by local artists. He will also be setting up ceramic and leather classes in the near future.

Lee welcomes any inquiry on custom work since he makes his own patterns and is always looking for a challenge to show his skill and dexterity. He looks forward to taking any idea and turning it into reality, whether it be a braided leather vest or a handtooled belt. He has developed a passion for his work and wishes to share it with the community.

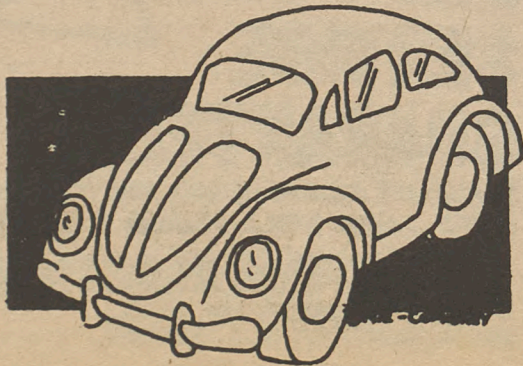
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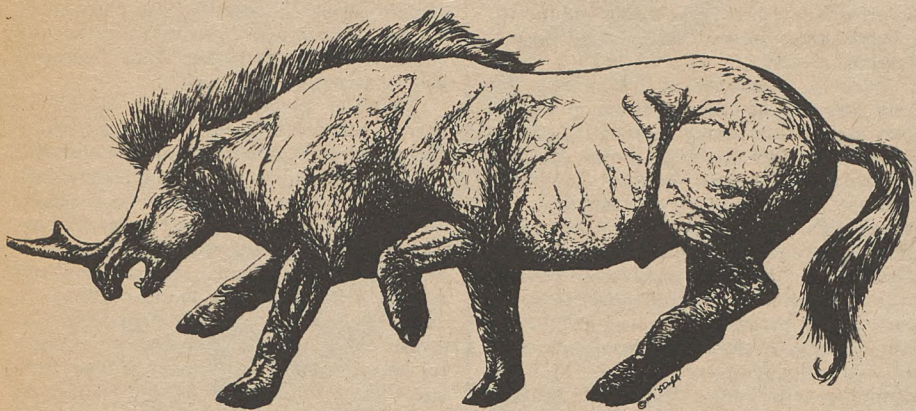
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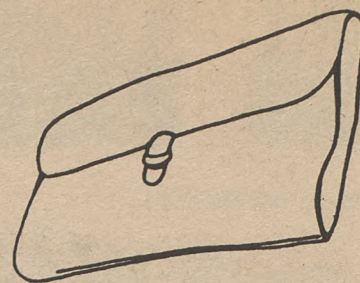
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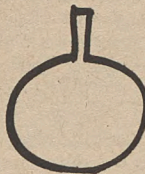


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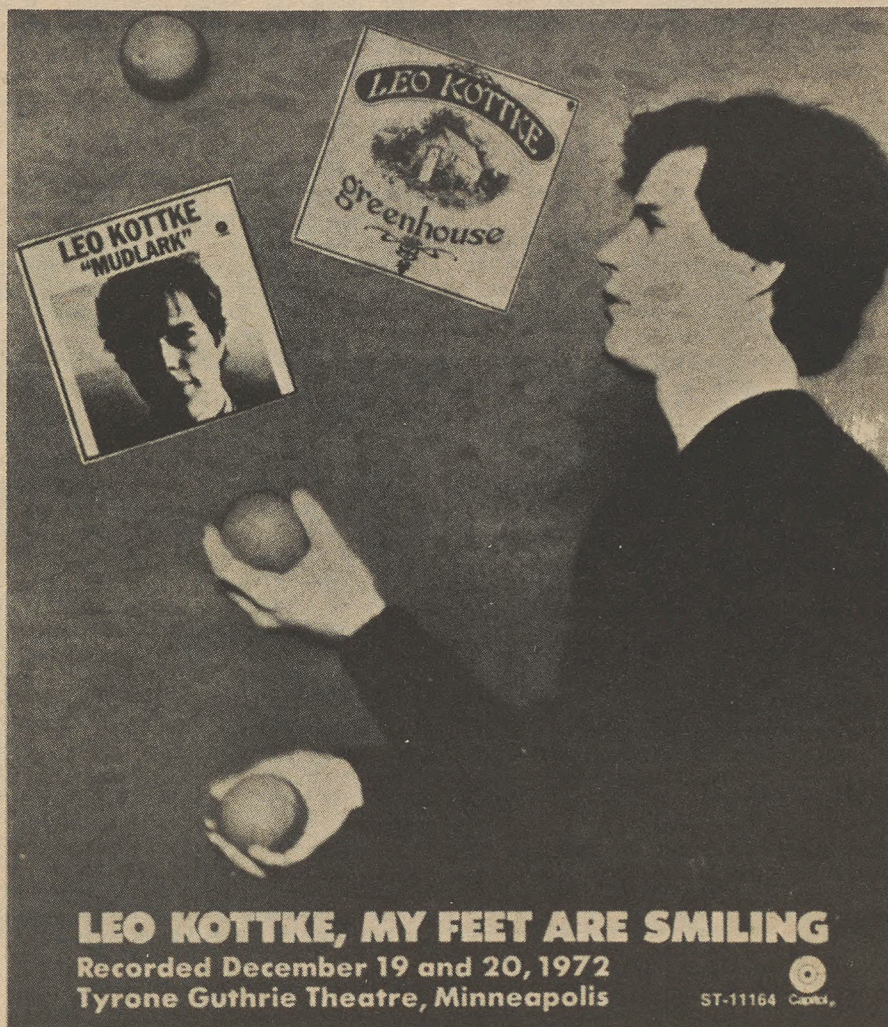


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AT THE MOVIES

CRIES AND WHISPERS

Reviewed by Lee Westenberg

Red may be the preferred color for conveying passion and risk, also their cohorts, guilt and fear. Symbolically in art, imaginatively in visions, and subconsciously in dreams or nightmares, there is a kind of history to this association. Ingmar Bergman, discussing his new film, *Cries and Whispers*, has written: "Ever since my childhood I have pictured the inside of the soul as a moist membrane in shades of red."

Certainly, the director has imbued his setting, a late 19th Century lakeside estate, with red: the velvet of carpets, cushions, draperies, dresses, bedspreads; the rose of dawn and sunset; the burgundy of wine; the crimson of wounds and contorted mouths; the blood-red of the fadeouts.

Two sisters and a devoted servant attend a third sister who is suffering the final anguishes of death by cancer. (Cancer is right for this film about exposed souls; it is the one disease fierce enough to eat at the "moist membrane" and subtle enough to hide its ravages by disguise.) The dying sister, Agnes (Harriet Anderson), is young, full of faith and profoundly noble in her pain. Symbol-searchers might label her as "Woman, the Suffering Saint." Mistakenly, I think. Her ordeal is a portrait of the soul's wrenching departure from the body, but her pain is awful, earthbound and sweaty. When her breath starts to come in long tense rasps, you could feel the whole audience wince. Nothing about her struggle suggests the baroque view of St. Theresa, whose spiritual elevation was portrayed by Bernini as exquisitely languid, voluptuous suffering. In fact, it is no sensual vision of God or Heaven which sustains Agnes, but rather the compassion of Anna (Kari Sylwan), the stout, ruddy, fearless servant. The symbolists might see in her, again mistakenly, the "Woman as Earth-Mother." She is dutiful but not passively, without pride; when unjustly slapped, she refuses to be menial and forgive easily. Her homely simplicity is shown early on, in a masterly scene where she concludes a morning prayer for her own dead baby-child, then bites deeply into a red apple.

When we see Anna pillowing Agnes on her ample, bare breasts, and later, in the vision of Agnes' return to life (her body reluctant to leave its beloved friends), when Anna is the only one unafraid to cradle her on the deathbed, well, we know the presence of true human moments.

It is the mood instilled by the departure of Agnes' bountiful soul, matched in mood by the tender and tireless goodness of Anna, and by the tender and tireless dialogue and the camera's noiseless focus on full-screen facial close-ups, which provokes the souls, or what is left of them, in the two remaining sisters.

Maria, played by Liv Ullmann, rightly describes herself as "childish and superficial." Her tearful helplessness in the face of her sister's agonies is, I expect, supposed to be viewed as basically a shallow, stock reaction. Perhaps my excessive admiration, indeed infatuation, for Ms. Ullmann and her talents is showing, but I see her enacting a coquette (her symbol) who is unhappy over the direction of her impulses but unable, because she is overly vulnerable to routine expectations of the moment, to escape them. Her sensitivity suffers by being cut loose from the compassionate graces of memory. During the vigil, she wears low-cut gowns and tries once again to seduce her old lover, the stern-looking but ineffectual family doctor. As she gazes into a mirror in a poignant fireside scene, he describes — pompously, but accurately — how sly, indifferent lines have grown into her face. Though she claims to be in "no need of pardon," one feels the loss of Maria's emotional beauty is due to past indulgence of her whims, a pampering she has relished and not yet relinquished. Now, nearing 30, she hasn't the will to confront the fear and skittish insecurity which dominate her expression. (Her enervated husband, seen only briefly, is no help.) If her potential for compassion and pity was near Anna's, the servant has had to face risks, Maria has not, and so is used to easy outs. Only Maria is close to knowing Anna's worth, yet, when the sisters and their husbands prepare to leave the house, Maria's best token of remembrance is an awkward gift of money.

Karin, played by Ingrid Thulin, appears to be the eldest of the sisters. Her bookishness and severity have been forced to hellish extremes by an old, oily, catfish of a husband. The obvious symbol for Karin, though it is cruel and wrong, is "Woman as Frigid Bitch." A flashback dinner sequence reveals her marriage to be loveless and meaningless. True, we

don't know how passionate she was by nature before marriage, but it is clear that her husband has only sexual interest in her. The flashback shows her driven to an incessant mutter: "It's all a tissue of lies." Then, in the film's most hideous scene — she maims her sex with a broken glass. She is now immune to intimacy; she is isolated from her husband and everyone else. Behind her public mask of practical efficiency is the perverse solace of a numbing guilt and self-hatred. "No relief," she says, "no pity, no pain, no nothing." She mocks her large, awkward hands, then sobs in them.

After Agnes' death, Maria approaches Karin with the hope of renewing their childhood fondness. Karin revolts, hating "to be touched." She despises Maria's silly coquetry. The full-screen facial close-ups used throughout by the incomparable cameraman, Sven Nykvist, are here again classic. The camera is motionless as the sisters touch faces with hands and achieve a momentary reconciliation. The effect of such close-ups is vital, for just as the characters cannot dodge the mood of the vigil, neither is the viewer's eye permitted to wander about and pretend innocence.

Watching this beautiful, sad, tormenting movie, I puzzled over the popular assertion that Bergman's women are depersonalized prototypes of Woman. Perhaps carefully delineated characters are so rare in film that they seem unreal and so are mistaken for lifeless symbols. Bergman's women are, to be sure, mysterious, but how this makes them unreal, escapes me. Much of the error in seeing the women of *Cries and Whispers* as representing facets of mythical Woman lies, I think, in a characteristic of Bergman's style, namely, the film's difficult and foreboding mood. The mood is altogether grim and funereal, even lugubrious, but its essence is not detached or ritualistic. It has to do with prophetic intensities, accelerated states, compressed emotions, unusual times which can, if allowed, reveal something of the soul, something inside the "moist membrane." It is precisely because the moods which may evoke a soul are not easily accessible that Bergman's own efforts to simulate such moods can often seem impenetrable. And so his characters, who must perform without that ominous atmosphere, may seem unreal.

No? Then let's creep up on the argument by example. In a joyous mood, I may be a May Day celebrant. In a violent one, I may be six-shooting at the OK Corral. A humble mood may find me a pilgrim to Chartres; a thirsty one under a table at the Boar's Head Tavern; a nostalgic one by Rilke's grave in the Rhone valley; and a gloomy, seclusive mood, one in which the soul speaks out in the cries and whispers of painful memory, past longings and departed love, such a mood may be provoked by a death-vigil. What Bergman seeks to create has little to do with our plodding, messy, everyday selves. And so, his moody characters may be called "depersonalized," not in the sense of being inhuman symbols, but rather for being extraordinarily, intensely human. Just so, if Hamlet seems depersonalized, it's because he is an extraordinarily human image, he's packed full of life.

Bergman, then, is not preoccupied with creating characters his audience would want to get chummy with over dinner. Such characterization would have to be flabby and predictable to put our digestion at ease. And Bergman, alas, is no spoon-feeder. He is too painstaking an artist — and a little too austere — to be so sloppily inspired. His movie world is purposely humorless and rarefied in order to enter his forlorn visions. Bergman is always a challenge, and *Cries and Whispers* is a masterpiece, a continuous revelation of those private human moods in which the soul is sensed.

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS

Reviewed by Alex Ward

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds is such a dreary and tiresome little story to begin with that even a superb acting job by Joanne Woodward and the sensitive and subtle direction of Paul Newman cannot save it entirely from being a dreary and tiresome movie. It starts at an emotional low tide and recedes steadily thereafter, slowing down ever so briefly at the end for a spark of optimism amidst a groundswell of pessimism. The amazing thing about the film is that while its story line is running such a predictable

course, the characters manage somehow to pick you up and almost shake you out of your seat. Woodward is marvelously hateful as Beatrice Hunsdorfer and Nell Potts — Newman and Woodward's daughter — is wonderfully endearing as her daughter Matilda.

Matilda is almost a Cinderella figure: an intelligent and thoughtful girl enraptured with her schoolwork and trying to co-exist with her shrewish, beer-swilling mother and pretty epileptic sister (played by Roberta Wallach, daughter of Eli).

Beatrice, abandoned by a worthless husband who had the audacity to die on her, has since grabbed the family firmly by the bootstraps and pulled it straight down. She is a loud-mouthed dreamer who loafs around her run-down house reading the classified ads and ordering Matilda to dispense with the chores. Beatrice envisions a number of business schemes that will put the Hunsdorfers back on their feet, but they are all doomed from the start, largely because of her own inability to face reality. "Tomorrow," she says, "we've got to give this place a good cleaning up." But tomorrow never comes. Meanwhile, Beatrice refuses to assume any guilt for her family's dire state. On the contrary, she prefers to accept failure by lashing out at everyone around her.

Beatrice's battered persona is hardly new to American drama. She, or others like her, have cropped up frequently in the work of Tennessee Williams, and occasionally Arthur Miller. Perhaps it is her inherently destructive qualities that make her so useful a character. Faded and frazzled, existing only from a sense of inner anger and a vitriolic wit, she wreaks her own kind of personal ill-will on all those she touches, in this case, two young daughters.

Moody, attractive Ruth, her older daughter, is Beatrice's favorite, but that favor is not returned in kind. Strongly affected by her mother's almost brutal cynicism, Ruth responds finally with a cruelty of her own. It is obvious that she will not survive Beatrice without deep scars. With Matilda, it's questionable. At her moment of greatest achievement, winning first prize at her school's science fair for growing a special kind of marigolds, Beatrice shows up drunk and embarrasses her. When Matilda arrives home afterwards, she finds that Beatrice has killed her pet rabbit. Even then, however, Matilda can reflect quietly on the good things in her life, providing the film with a thin slice of hope at the end.

As a play, *The Effect of Gamma Rays* won a Pulitzer Prize for its author, Paul Zindel. Judging by the story, it seems an undeserved honor. Whatever strength *The Effect of Gamma Rays* has as a film is not due to its basic structure, but to the parts that hold it together — Potts, Wallach, Woodward and especially Newman. Their contributions are what make it worth seeing. Take an upper and go.

SAVE THE TIGER

Over the years, Jack Lemmon has assumed a singular movie role — that of a basically well-intentioned but nervous victim of circumstance — and twisted it everywhichway. From the loveable boobs in *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment* he transformed himself into the irritable, almost spiteful, characters in *The Out-of-Towners* and *Avanti*. Being the fine actor he is, Lemmon has on occasion taken

his well-intentioned but nervous victim of circumstance and imparted upon him the full range of his dramatic capabilities, producing results well worth remembering.

Such was the case with his moving portrayal of an alcoholic in *Days of Wine and Roses*, and now of a bustling hustler in his latest film, *Save the Tiger*. Unfortunately for Lemmon, *Save the Tiger* is hardly the equal of his performance. A kind of morality tale about the price of one man's survival on the way to being successful, it suffers from a message that is strangely discolored.

The film concerns a day in the life of Harry Stoner (Lemmon), a garment manufacturer whose business has provided him with a Beverly Hills home, a maid, a Lincoln Continental and a Swiss education for his daughter. To acquire all this, Harry has become the consummate hustler, doing more than his share of biting and scraping, even stooping now and then to a quick juggle of the firm's books to make the figures come out right. This particular day is a veritable maelstrom of crises for Harry: he must find money to finance his latest line of clothes; set an antsy buyer up with a high-priced whore (only to have the whore stimulate the buyer into a coronary); convince his partner (Jack Gilford) that setting fire to an extra warehouse to collect the insurance money is the only way to solvency, and attempt to maintain his equilibrium in this murky sea of impending disaster.

Through all his trials and tribulations Harry nostalgically ponders the old days, dwelling on the times when Benny Goodman was the King of Swing and the Dodgers were in Brooklyn. He also remembers his part in the Anzio assault during World War II, and how bloody the beach got that day. Stoner wonders what has gone wrong, with both himself and his country; why aren't things clear cut and simple anymore? At the same time, he defends his own underhanded dealings with the kind of left-handed logic that would please only advocates of the win-at-any-cost school: anything that suits his ends has got to be all right. The realization that he doesn't know where it's taking him hits Harry when Meyer, a small wizened old garment cutter who has been in his employ for years, asks him what it is he really wants. Harry hesitates, slowly shrugs his shoulders and says, "Another season. Just another season." Joe DiMaggio couldn't have asked for a better line. The film doesn't settle anything for Harry either. It just leaves one feeling that he will keep on managing somehow, unless an overdose of nostalgia warps his brain.

For most of *Save the Tiger*, the performances of Lemmon and Gilford lend some measure of credibility, humor, and even empathy to the proceedings. But there are times when not even Lemmon can rise above the heavy-handedness of Steve Shagan's script, like when he takes the podium to introduce his new line of fashions to a roomful of buyers and suddenly imagines them all to be his old buddies at Anzio. Or the night he spends with a hippie (an existentialist, naturally, who spends her days cruising the Strip and wants to ball Lemmon two minutes after meeting him). He tells her he got the scars on his back fighting the Italians. "But we were never in a war with Italy," she exclaims, astounded. Hippies aren't that dumb, even in the movies.

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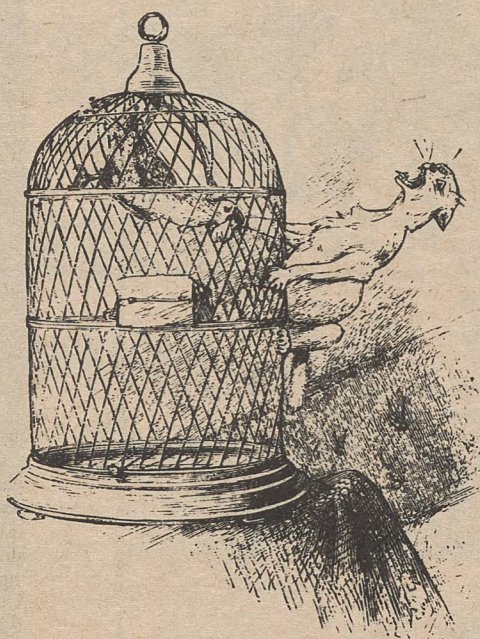
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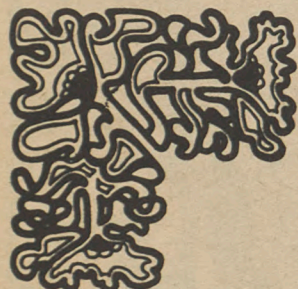
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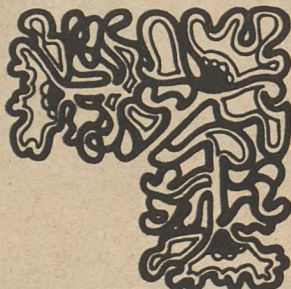
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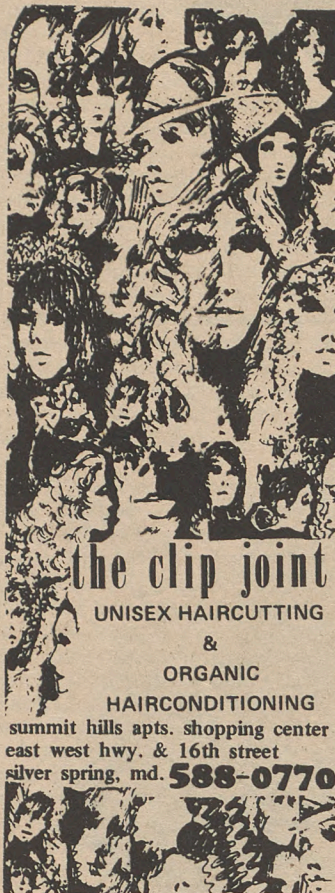
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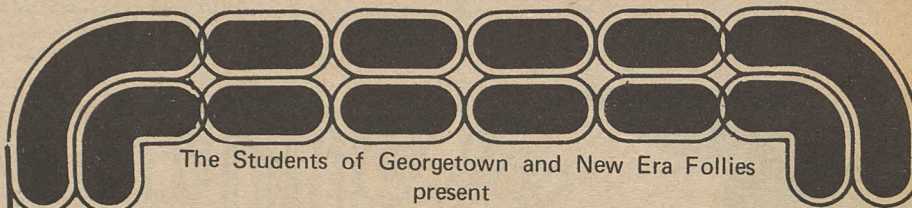
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TUESDAY, MARCH 20

BIRTHDAYS

Copernicus (500th), Jerry Reed, Carl Palmer (ELP), Janse Garfat (Dr. Hook).
John Lennon marries Yoko Ono, 1969.

MUSIC

Robert Klein & Colin Blunstone; Cellar Door; 337-5589

FILMS

The Damned; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll.; 8:pm; B-114; free; 336-6000 Ext. 397
The Touch & Torment; Circle; 337-4470
42nd Street & Goldiggers of 1933; Inner Circle;

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21

MUSIC

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Ctr; JFK; 8:30; \$4-\$7; 254-3600
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9:30pm -2am 483-6702
Robert Klein & Colin Blunstone (see March 20)

FILMS

Hour of the Wolf & Shame; Circle; 337-4470
42nd Street & Goldiggers of 1933 (see March 20)
Future Shock; Museum of Hist. & Tech. aud.; 12:30pm; free

EVENTS

lecture - "The Image of Death" [in 19th Cent. Art]; Lecture Hall; Nat'l Collection of Fine Arts; 4pm; free

THURSDAY, MARCH 22

BIRTHDAYS

Harry Warden (Easybeats), Keith Relf (Yardbirds), Jeremy Clyde (Chad & Jeremy)

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see March 21)
Robert Klein & Colin Blunstone (see March 20)

FILMS

Shantiniketan & Nandal Base; Grand Salon, Renwick Gallery; 11:15, 12:15; 1:15 & 2:15
Hour of the Wolf & Shame (see March 21)
The Gang's All Here & Gay Divorcee; Inner Circle; 337-4470
Future Shock (see March 21)

EVENTS

theater - Audience Liberation Front; the Theatre Project, Antioch Coll., Balto.; 8:30 (301) 539-3090
theater - Breasts of Tiresias & Humulus the Mute; Parish Hall, Grace Church, Wisc. Ave., N.W.; 8pm; \$2; 333-7100
lecture - State of the Nation, Lloyd S. Free; Women's Nat'l Democratic Club; 12:15; \$3; AD2-7363

FRIDAY, MARCH 23

MUSIC

Folk Singers & Dancers from Ljubljana, Yugoslavia JFK; 8:30; \$4-\$6; 254-3600
Meg Christian; Mr. Henry's Washington Circle; 10:30pm - 2:30am; 337-0222
Cheech & Chong and Steely Dan; Shady Grove; 8:30; \$4.50-\$6.50; (301) 948-3400
II Generation; Childe Harold; 9pm-2am; 483-6702
Robert Klein & Colin Blunstone (see March 21)
Liz Meyer & Friends; Black Crystal; Crystal City (821 Jefferson Davis Hwy), Arl.; 9pm-1am; 920-3800

FILMS

The Immoral Mr. Teas; Dupont Circle; 785-2300
Persona & All These Women; Circle; 337-4470
The Gang's All Here & Gay Divorcee (see March 22)
History & Culture of the Mid-East & Sufi Way; Freer Gallery Aud.; 8pm

EVENTS

theater - Audience Lib. Front (see March 22)
theater - Breasts of Tiresias & Humulus the Mute (see March 22)
theater - Hamlet; Folger Library; 8pm; 546-1222
lecture - Trip to China, by Joyce Chen; Renwick Gallery, Grand Salon; 1 & 8pm

SATURDAY, MARCH 24

MUSIC

B.B. King & The O'Jays; DAR Const. Hall; 7:30 & 10pm; \$4-\$6; 785-1808
Cheech & Chong and Steely Dan; 7 & 10pm (see March 23)
Meg Christian (see March 23)
Tiny Grimes & Jim Hall; Museum of Hist. & Tech. 8pm; 381-5395
II Generation (see March 23)
Robert Klein & Colin Blunstone (see March 20)
Van Cliburn; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Pete Fountain, Boots Randolph, Floyd Cramer & Jethro Burns; Cole Fld. House, U. of Md.; 8pm \$4-\$6; 454-2121
Liz Meyer & Friends; C.L. Perriwinkle Co. Store, Silver Hill Shopping Plaza; 2:30-4pm; 420-5516
Liz Meyer & Friends (see March 23)

FILMS

The Immoral Mr. Teas (see March 23)
Persona & All These Women (see March 23)
The Gang's All Here & Gay Divorcee (see March 22)

EVENTS

theater - Audience Lib. Front (see March 22)
theater - Breasts of Tiresias & Humulus the Mute (see March 23)
theater - Hamlet (see March 23)
Hay Chia Variety Show (R.O.C.); G.W.U., Lisner Aud.; 3 & 8pm; \$3-\$7; 293-2898
lecture - The Hist. of the Development of the Steam Locomotive in the U.S. - John H White Museum of Hist. & Tech. Aud; 10:30am

SUNDAY, MARCH 25

BIRTHDAYS

Anita Bryant, Arturo Toscanini, Johnny Burnette, Aretha Franklin, Elton John

MUSIC

Stevie Wonder; Mandrill; Earth, Wind & Fire; and the Persuasions; Cole Field House, U. of Md. \$2-\$5.50; 454-2803
Evelyn Swarthout w/ Arlington Symphony; Thos. Jefferson Comm. Theatre; 3pm; \$3 adults, \$1.50 students; 558-2161

Hootenany; Cellar Door; 337-3389

FILMS

The Silence & Winter Light; Circle; 337-4470
The Gang's All Here & Gay Divorcee (March 22)

EVENTS

theater - Audience Lib. Front (see March 22)
theater - Hamlet (see March 23)
Hai Chia Variety Show (see March 24)
radio - "Gunsmoke" WAMU-FM (88.5); 7pm
poetry reading - Moving Toward Our Black Selves by local artists; Anacostia Neighborhood Museum 4pm
lecture - Music & Dance of Africa, Dayo Adeyemi Museum of African Art; 11am; 381-5157
lecture - "A Show of Magic and Physic Tricks, Pro Merlinoff; ISIS Center; 2pm; \$2.50; 585-2886

MONDAY, MARCH 26

BIRTHDAYS

Diana Ross, Al Jolson, Leonard Nimoy, Ned Dohe;

MUSIC

Grateful Dead; Balto. Civ. Ctr. 8 pm [SOLD OUT]
Boston Symphony Orch.; JFK; 8:30; \$1.25-\$8; 254-3776
The Dillards; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Benefit Concert for Unicef; A.U. 8pm; \$2-\$4; 686-2093 (See In Your Own Backyard)

FILMS

The Silence & Winter Light (see March 25)
The Gang's All Here & Gay Divorcee (see March 22)

EVENTS

theater - Hamlet; 7pm (see March 23)
lecture - Great Craftsmen of Royal Worcester; Museum of Hist. & Tech. Aud.; 8pm \$3.50 381-5157

TUESDAY, MARCH 27

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